

SAVED BY A DREAM.

A THRICE REPEATED WARNING THAT WAS LUCKILY HEEDED.

How Two Men Narrowly Escaped Assassination in a Western Ontario Inn—The Reality Was a Perfect Reproduction of the Vision of the Brain.

Miss Mabel Wilongby, writing in the Toronto Globe, relates this strange story:

"Many years ago my great-uncle, a magistrate of Niagara district, had occasion, as he often had, to make a journey on horseback through some of the more unsettled parts of western Ontario. As those were the pioneer days, many parts of Ontario now thickly settled and prosperous communities were almost unbroken stretches of forest, intersected by roads, passable only by equestrians. The only places of public accommodation were small taverns or inns to be found at intervals of many miles along these trails or roads. My uncle and his father-in-law, who accompanied him, carried large sums of money with which to buy grain and cattle from the settlers.

"One afternoon, toward nightfall, as they were nearing the small inn where they intended stopping for the night, they heard the sound of horses' hoofs close behind them, and, turning in his saddle, my uncle saw that the strangers approaching him were a dark visaged pair of men whom he had noticed at the dinner table with him at the last hostelry. They, however, saluted my uncle and Mr. H., his father-in-law, in a very civil manner and returned the compliments of the hour.

"The party soon reached the inn, and, to uncle's surprise, the two strangers trotted on past the only resting place there was for miles. But he concluded that they were hunters or settlers living farther on, and so for the time thought no more of it.

"Our two grain dealers took their supper and shortly afterward retired comfortably for the night. Not long after going to bed Mr. H., feeling thirsty, rose and went down to the barroom for a drink of water. (No laughter here. He was a local preacher and staunch adherent to the Methodist church.)

"On entering the bar he was greatly surprised to see stretched out on the wooden benches the guests of the dinner table and traveling companions of the early evening. However, he troubled very little about the matter, as he thought that they had been overtaken by night and turned back. On returning to the bedroom he found my uncle dozing, and so made no mention of the uncanny pair in the barroom, and in a few minutes fell asleep also.

"After a short sleep uncle awoke and almost started out of bed, having had a most vivid and frightful dream, in which he saw one of those men advancing toward him with a dark lantern turned upon his face and a drawn knife in his hand. But, finding the room perfectly quiet, uncle persuaded himself that his dream was the result of some slight apprehension he had had concerning the two men, and so fell asleep again, but only to have the horrible vision repeated.

"He began to feel that the dream, so vivid and persistent, might have the nature of a presentiment, so put his hand under the pillow to see that his pistols which he carried were safe. But as everything continued perfectly still he allowed himself to fall into a light doze, which was again interrupted by the same dream, like a midnight specter.

"Now thoroughly alarmed and feeling that his dream was sent as a warning, he rose the old gentleman by his side and told him of it. Mr. H. then told him of the men in the barroom. This increasing their apprehension, the two men decided to watch by turns, Mr. H. taking the first watch. Not five minutes had elapsed before a footstep just outside their door caught the ear of both men.

"In a moment the door opened very softly, and a man stealthily entered and crept toward the bed, while the two in the bed prepared for immediate defense when the villain had come close enough to be seen distinctly, kept perfectly quiet. When within about two yards of the bed, the intending assassin, by the manipulation of his lantern, which until this time had remained perfectly dark, threw a clear light over the supposed sleepers and revealed to them the reality of the vision—the same man, knife and lantern, with his murderous intention hideously written on his fixed countenance.

"One glance at his intended victims and his expression changed to amazement and fear and he stood like one paralyzed as he met my uncle's steady and white face, who, with pistol presented, waited but another move on the part of the villain to kill him on the spot. But the man didn't move. All was perfectly still, except for a smothered prayer from the old gentleman. Uncle was the first to speak, demanding what he wanted. No reply was given. Uncle then, threateningly advancing his piece, ordered him to leave the room at once on pain of death. In obedience to this the robber, without turning his face or changing his attitude in any way, backed as steadily from the room as he had entered it and was seen no more."

All Dear to Him.

Wife—The doctor orders me to the mineral baths at Carlsbad, and you refuse me the means to go. That shows how little you value me.

Husband—On the contrary, I do not wish to lose a pound of you.—Fliegende Blätter.

Strange as it may seem, the origin of the miter is to be found in Acts II, 8. "And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." The miter is supposed to be a representation of these cloven tongues.

A HARD RAILROAD TO BEAT.

One Man in Double Distilled Ill Luck Found It So.

The Southern Pacific is about the worst road in the wide, wide world to fool in the matter of transportation. The Southern Pacific has such a plain monopoly of California business that it is not necessary for it to look for favors, so it closes down very tight. Even the tickets which the scalpers succeed in getting are so hedged about with precautions that it is like taking a civil service examination to beat one of them.

The favorite is a long slip which is designed to be punched to fit the description of the purchaser, so that by no means can it be used by another than the rightful owner. When one of these tickets appears in a scalper's stock, it looks like a porous plaster, being punctured for the color of the eyes, the hair, stature, weight, complexion and other details of the physical make up.

Once Jim Crawford of Laramie found himself stuck in San Francisco with \$4 and a fearful hunger for home. But \$4 was as nothing to the fare back over the desert. While he was worrying his soul with regrets he came upon a neatly folded slip of paper which had been lost, doubtless by some hurried tourist. It was one of those pieces of organette music representing a ride back to Ogden.

Jim read it over, printed matter, punches and all, and rushed for a drug store. He bought dyes for his hair, a stain for his complexion, got a pair of blue goggles and ran a concealing bandage over his chin. A barber took off his mustache, and for a dollar a cheap oculist made his eyes blue, so that the goggles were re-enforced with corroboration. It took all his money but 40 cents. Then he climbed aboard the train.

He had reached Port Costa when the conductor came around and gave one hurried look at the ticket.

"This thing expired a month ago," he said tersely.

The telegraph poles were pendulous with blue and brimstone for two weeks after Crawford had finished his walk back to Oakland.—Chicago Record.

"NO BOXES SOLD HERE."

A Sign Displayed in Shops Which Guard Carefully Their Reputations.

"No Boxes Sold Here" is the sign that hangs in one of the principal jewelry establishments in the city. The sign made its appearance after the shopping of one Christmas season. But there is no time of the year in which the demand for boxes is quite discontinued, and the sign serves its purpose always.

The demand for boxes was prompted by the amiable desire to deceive some friend or relative into the belief that the article presented to him came from the best establishment in the city. Similar attempts are made at the well known glass and china shops, at one of the well known French confectioners and at all of the establishments which have made a reputation in some particular field.

Nearly all of these answer such applications with the words of the sign, "No Boxes Sold Here," but there are some few which sell them as regularly as they do other objects of merchandise and are quite indifferent to what becomes of them so long as they get their rather high prices for the empty boxes bearing the name of the firm. Similar indifference is shown by a well known English pickle factory, which allows its labels to be sold here and pasted over any sort of stuff that the purchaser of them happens to concoct.—New York Sun.

The Nose Lasts Longest.

Bone and cartilage enter so largely into the structure of the nose and determine its characteristics that it undergoes little perceptible change, as a rule, with the lapse of years. The brow becomes wrinkled, and crows' feet gather round the eyes, which themselves gradually grow dim as time rolls on. Cheeks lose the bloom which cosmetics cannot replace and lips their fullness and color.

The chin, dimpled in youth, develops angularities or globularities, as the case may be, and the eyebrows become heavy with the crop of many years' growth. The nose shows no mark comparable to these familiar facial indications of the approach of old age and practically enjoys immunity from the ravages which time makes on the other features of the face. Next to the nose, probably the ears, as a rule, show the fewest and least obvious signs of old age.

A Curious Sight.

In Japan the traveler sees many curious sights. One of the strangest of which is the population washing itself at the corners of streets toward evening. In Yeddo the citizens frequent large bathing establishments. The street doors of such resorts stand open, and a striking spectacle, to say the least, is presented by the inmates sitting washing themselves with the utmost unconcern. This is a general custom, and nothing whatever is thought of it. Such an apparent want of modesty is difficult to comprehend and is not reconcilable with the advanced state of civilization of the Japanese. In many other of the manners and customs do the Japs offer a striking antagonism to those accepted by us.

Watching Plants Grow.

Procure a little collomia seed. Take one of the seeds, and with a razor cut off a very tiny slice, place it on a slide, cover with a glass and place under the microscope. The instrument must be in a vertical position. When it is well focused and lighted, moisten it with a drop of water. The seed will absorb the moisture and throw out a very large number of spiral fibers, giving the appearance of veritable germination. Beginners will find it easier if one applies the moisture while the other looks through the instrument.—Microscopical Journal.

GUARDING THE MINT.

HOW THE PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION IS PROTECTED.

Little Chance For Any One to Get Rich Quickly by Helping Himself to Uncle Sam's Treasure—Patrols, Revolvers and Winchester in Plenty.

Probably not one person out of a hundred who pass by the Philadelphia mint, that grim looking edifice at Chestnut and Juniper streets, after nightfall realizes what is going on inside. There is nothing mean about Uncle Sam, but he is determined that any one who gets his money shall get it honestly and by process duly laid down. Therefore he has taken all kinds of precautions to properly protect, especially at night, the millions upon millions piled up in the vaults.

The doors of the mint are closed every weekday promptly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After that hour no one out mint employees have any business within the walls which inclose so much money, and no one can either stay in or get in without a special permit from the superintendent. Needless to say, this is difficult to obtain.

Simultaneously with the closing of the doors at 4 o'clock the first shift of the night guard goes on duty. The shift is composed of the captain of the guard and 11 stalwart men. As the men file out to begin their round each one is handed a big Colt's revolver of the most approved pattern and loaded with big cartridges.

From then on till midnight seven of the 11 guards patrol without cessation every floor of the inside of the mint, from the corridors of the gloomy vaults where, away down in the earth, are stowed eighty odd million dollars in silver and almost as much gold, to the top floor, where there is nothing more valuable than machinery. Placed at frequent intervals throughout the corridors are electrical devices for enabling the captain of the guard to keep tabs on his men. Each of these little machines communicates with the rotunda opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the mint. Here it is that the captain is stationed all through the long hours of his shift. Every two minutes and a half the central machine in the rotunda denotes the presence of some one of the guard at some particular station in the building. If it doesn't, then the captain knows that something is wrong, and he immediately proceeds to discover what it is.

But it has been a long time since the little machine failed to send forth its announcement at the proper time, for the mint guards are patrolling up and down outside the big building, carefully watching that no suspicious characters approach too near the vast treasure left in their care.

Promptly at midnight the second shift of the night guard puts in an appearance to relieve the early shift. It is also composed of a captain and 11 men, and they are split up, as the other squad, into inside and outside details. From midnight on until 7 o'clock in the morning they follow in the footsteps of the first shift, with every faculty alert to catch an intruder.

The big revolvers are not the only weapons upon which the guards have to rely. On each side of the main corridor leading from the Chestnut street entrance stands a walnut case. Through the polished glass front of one from 20 Winchester rifles. The other contains as many ugly looking carbines. To grab these dispensers of death would be but the work of an instant for the guards, and then woe be unto any man or men upon whom it might be found necessary to turn them.

For the revolvers there is kept constantly on hand in the mint 500 rounds of ammunition, and for the rifles and carbines 2,500 rounds. Each of the guards is an expert in the use of both the pistol and the gun, and each is endowed with a plentiful stock of courage; hence a combination capable of successfully resisting almost anything less than a regiment.

The superintendent and assistant custodian both talked to the reporter about the methods in use to protect the mint and its contents. Both smiled significantly when the possibility of one getting away with a portion of the vast treasure was suggested.

"It would be folly for any one to try it," was the superintendent's only comment. To it the assistant custodian nodded emphatic assent.

"I have been here for a good many years," the latter said, "and no such attempt has ever been made. It is practically impossible for any one to break into the mint from the outside, and no one could secrete himself in the building during the hours when it is open to visitors and hope to avoid discovery. We search every nook and corner of the structure carefully as soon as the doors are closed for the day, and you may rest assured if any one who had no business within these walls was found he would regret the day he was born."

In addition to the two shifts of night guards, the superintendent and assistant custodian have a habit of dropping in at the mint at odd hours of the night to see that everything is going on all right.

The mint is connected with the central telephone station, and should there be trouble the captain of the guard could communicate with police headquarters in a brief space of time.

"If you come across anybody who thinks he can get rich quickly by helping himself to our coin," remarked the superintendent in parting, "just advise him to think it over carefully first."

In compliance with the superintendent's suggestion the advice is hereby given.

And it is pretty good advice to follow too.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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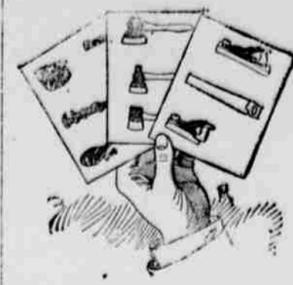
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